

## Secrets & Lies : The Secret Expands - W/S

by Kylia

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"Never Kill A Boy On The First Date"

## Secrets & Lies : The Secret Expands - W/S

The Secret Expands > **TITLE: The Secret Expands (Part 3  
of the Secrets & Lies Series)<br> AUTHOR: Kylia  
(kylia\_toreel@yahoo.com)**

> DISCLAIMER: Nobody belongs to me, unfortunately. They belong to  
Joss & Mutant Enemy, and a few other people I don't know. <br>

RATING: Starts out PG-13 but will eventually be NC-17

> SPOILERS: Never Kill A Boy On The First date<br> CATEGORY:

Willow/Spike

> SUMMARY: Okay, think of this as an alternate reality. Some of the  
events of the series will happen just as they did on the show, others  
won't.<br> DISTRIBUTION: Fire & Ice, WitchFanFic, Of Sire & Childe,  
anyone else, ask, and you shall receive

> AUTHOR'S NOTES: The third part to the Secrets & Lies

Series.<br> DEDICATION: To my girls. Kaitelynn, who's ahving an awful  
day. :)

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"And there will be a time of Crisis. Of worlds hanging in the  
balance. And in this Time, shall come the Anointed. The Master's  
great warrior. And the Slayer will not know him. Will not stop him.  
And he will lead her into Hell. As it is written, so shall it  
be."

Spike watched as the Master read from his book of prophecies. He  
wished he'd just stake the bastards and be done with it. He always  
was a little over-dramatic. So, instead he got stuck standing here,  
listening the Master quote from the scriptures.

> Spike could hear the faint hint of death, which whispered as the  
Master approached the unlucky vampires.<font>

"Five will die, and from their ashes, the Anointed shall rise. The  
brethren of Aurelius shall greet him, and usher him to his immortal

destiny. As it is written, so shall it be."

Spike leaned up against a far wall, and watched as the drama unfolded. He was anxious to find out why he had been summoned. It had been several weeks since the Slayer had thwarted the Master's freedom. Several weeks since he had taken up residence on the Hellmouth. Several weeks since he had been forced into keeping tabs on his blasted Sire. And several weeks since he had first met the fiery redhead who sparked his passions like no had ever done. Even his Dark goddess hadn't touched him in such a way.

He found himself growing weary of playing the Master's game. The day would soon come when he would have to step out of the shadows and deal with his Sire. Being tied to the Master would not help matters.

"And one of the brethren shall go out hunting the night before, and get himself killed, because he couldn't wait to finish his job before he ate. Oh, wait, that's not written anywhere."

Spike tried to stifle his amusement as the Master slammed the heavy book closed and through one of the vampires across the room. He turned to face Spike.

"William, my boy. Come, we have much to discuss."

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Willow checked her email and smiled. She had received a reply from a contact she had made with a member of the watcher's council. She had found the address in Giles' office. She knew it was wrong to go snooping, but when her search for information on William the Bloody had not turned up anything useful, she was forced to do things she normally wouldn't have.

"Paydirt!" Willow smiled triumphantly, as she began downloading the file her contact had sent her.

Once the download was complete, she began to read the through the material, her eyes going wide at all the information. Spike had quite a history. He had earned the nickname William the Bloody while he was still human, although having witnessed him in action once, that fact didn't surprise her.

Willow sat back in her chair as she thought about everything she had learned. There was something about his Sire, which tugged on the back of her mind. There hadn't been any pictures in the information she received, but there was something there. Some piece of information that wanted to make itself known.

Willow shook her head, and concentrated on some of the other information. Spike had killed two Slayers. That fact brought a slight tremor of fear to her heart. But her logical mind said that Spike had already had two opportunities to kill Buffy. He hadn't taken either, and she had to wonder why.

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"You're going where?" Xander asked as Buffy finished putting her shoes on.

"A date, Xan, I have a date." She rolled her eyes.

"But we have evil. Yeah that's it, evil." Xander complained.

"Xander, we always have evil. Besides The Anointed was a no show at the cemetery." Willow reminded her friend.

Buffy smiled her thanks and headed downstairs to meet Owen at the door.

After Buffy had left, Xander turned to Willow. "That's just wrong."

Willow smiled and placed her hand on Xander's arm. "C'mon, lets go get some ice cream."

Xander nodded enthusiastically. Just as they were about to open the door, there was a knock.

"Giles?" Willow asked as she opened the door to find a flustered watcher standing on the other side.

"Where's Buffy?"

"She went on a date." Willow reminded him.

"Oh dear." He turned around and started to leave.

"Where are you going?" Willow called after him. He didn't answer her.

After A few moments in silence, Willow turned to Xander, "We should follow him."

Xander nodded his agreement as the two headed out into the night, hoping Giles was going to be all right.

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Spike came up behind the small group of vampires and attacked them swiftly and efficiently. They were young, and ill prepared.

"What do you want?" Colin asked.

"Not a damn thing." Spike told the boy as he plunged a stake into his heart. "Not anymore."

Spike walked away, leaving the cloud of dust to settle on the ground.

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Willow and Xander stumbled upon Giles nearly an hour later. He was trapped in the mortuary. They had run to go get help from Buffy. When they entered the Bronze they noticed Angel had just entered. There was something familiar about him that Willow couldn't quite place, but she pushed the thought to the back of her mind.

"What are you doing here?" Owen asked after Willow and Xander had approached.

Xander wrapped an arm around Willow's shoulder and grinned. "A date. We're on a date."

Willow nodded her head enthusiastically. "Yep." She noted with a mind sense of curiosity that the feel of Xander's arm around her didn't bring up the same feelings of pleasure it used to.

"Hey, maybe we should all go somewhere together." Xander suggested.

"Yeah! The Sunnydale funeral home sounds like fun." Willow raised her eyebrows in a silent message.

Buffy's eyes went wide. "Ok, yeah. Let's go." She turned to Owen. "You stay here." She ran out of the Bronze before he had a chance to argue.

Owen turned to Angel. "She's a strange girl."

Angel nodded and quietly left the Bronze, wondering what it was about Buffy's date that bothered him so much. She shook his head at the knowledge that he refused to admit to.

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They arrived at the mortuary and entered quietly.

"Cool." Owen said from somewhere behind them.

"Owen? You shouldn't be here." Buffy told him.

"And you should? What's going on? Are we gonna see a dead body?"

Buffy sighed. "Probably several." She turned to Xander and Willow. "Watch him."

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After a few minutes, They heard a loud crash. Willow looked around nervously. "I'm gonna go check on that." She rushed out of the small room, hoping Buffy was all right.

Willow hadn't stepped more than two feet out of the room when she was grabbed from behind and pulled into a nearby office.

She tried to scream. But she had a cold hand clamped over her mouth.

"Shh, pet, it's me." Spike's British voice whispered into her ear.

She relaxed visibly as he removed his hand and spun her around to face her. "What are you doing here?" She hissed.

Spike grinned at the fire in her eyes. He felt a stirring in his jeans, and willed his thoughts in another direction. "It's not safe,

Red. The Anointed and all that."

Willow looked at him carefully, remembering something from earlier. "Why are you here, really?" She pushed herself away from him, his proximity making it hard to think.

Spike looked at his redhead impassively.

"Well?" She asked.

He took a step closer, and claimed her lips in a bruising kiss, causing both of them to lose their train of thought. When it became difficult to breathe, Willow pulled her lips away and took a step back. "Wow." She whispered.

Spike looked into her green eyes, glazed with passion, and tried to push his lusty thoughts away. He turned away from her. "You should go. They'll be looking for you."

Willow nodded reluctantly. At that moment she didn't want to be anywhere but with him. She walked towards the door, but just before she reached it, she turned around.

"Angel he's your sire, isn't he?" She asked quietly, her mind connecting all the dots in her head.

Spike looked at her sharply, but said nothing. Willow placed a warm hand along his cheek and smiled just before she walked out the door.

Spikes quiet voice broke through the silence. "The Anointed's dead."

Willow nodded her understanding before disappearing down the empty hallway.

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The master growled dangerously as Spike entered his lair. "What happened?"

Spike shrugged. "I don't know. I was watching the Slayer and Angel like you told me to." He lied.

The Master howled in frustration. Another chance at freedom was ripped from his grasp. He turned to Spike. "You may go."

Spike nodded and headed towards the exit. He was stopped by a hand on his arm. He looked up to find Darla looking at him, a question in her eyes.

"Is it true?" She asked, with a hint of disgust in her voice.

"What?" Spike asked, feigning ignorance.

"That Angelus has fallen for the Slayer"

"Bloody well appears that way!" Spike snapped, not wanting to admit that his ploy of a Sire had sunk so low.

Spike pulled his arm free and left, not hearing Darla's final comment.

"I guess I'll have to do something about that." She spoke softly, a plan forming in her mind.

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Willow sighed heavily as she leaned against the door. The night had changed everything. She could no longer claim innocence. Well, she could claim it, but it wouldn't be accurate.

Angel was a vampire. But not just any vampire, but Angelus, the one with the Angelic face, the scourge of Europe. She had read plenty about him on her search to gain information on spike. She couldn't help but wonder what that meant.

Was he like Spike? She didn't think so. She didn't see the same power, and passion reflected in Angel's eyes, only guilt. But then she hadn't really had the opportunity to gaze into his eyes either.

What would this mean for Buffy? Willow knew that despite her date with Owen, the Slayer had a deep attraction for the dark-haired vampire, and it appeared to be mutual.

Should she tell her he was a vampire? "No." She shook her head. She couldn't tell Buffy without revealing how and why she had known. She would just have to add it to the pile of secrets and lies she was keeping.

Willow trudged up her stairs to her bedroom, wondering when exactly it was that her life had gotten so complicated.

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End  
file.